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Title: ~The Heram~

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The title is tempting the  
palate already isn't it.  
Women scantily clad,  
awaiting for their  
Master's call to provide  
his pleasures; but this is  
far from the Truth.

My story has to begin  
with my mother, she  
herself bred from the  
Harem just as I. Her  
name was perfection in  
our tribal language, and  
the First wife's worst  
enemy. Her position

provided her with some  
perfection from her  
wrath, but eventually even  
the Sultan could not  
protect her.

On a night the Mages  
deemed Holy, I was

concieved; the whispers of  
the other women, say my  
mother made sure of the  
conception with Herbs and  
Craft to set the Sultan's  
seed within her.  
This may all be true for  
I was given priviledge

that many of the women  
within the closely guarded  
House of Maidens would  
never experience.

My earliest memory is of  
the Lake that was  
enclosed by the Sultan,

to ensure that no man  
except those he deemed  
worthy could veiw his

heram as they bathed, or  
enjoying the coolness of  
the water on those long  
hot days, that followed  
one after the next when

the sun was so close to  
the land.

How I enjoyed these days,  
the lounging, the laughter,  
and the carefree feeling  
that seem to cover the  
entire Harem.

It was one of these days  
that a curiosity entered  
the Court. Dusty, hungry  
and looking for shelter..  
He had the look as if  
the world would weighed  
him down not allowing him  
to breath freely.

The lines on his face  
darkened by the dust of  
the road. His armor  
though in disrepair had  
been crafted by a  
Master, this was no meer  
traveler.  
His comfort speaking to

the Court, The gestures  
of his hand, his careful  
use of words... Giving his  
Regal background away  
with each sentence.  
From behind the Screens  
I could make out his  
stature. Taller then the

men I was use to seeing,  
like a strong tree that  
could weather any storm.  
The Fairness of his hair,  
Something I had only  
heard of, for I fear  
if this man was a  
woman, this valued

commodity by the  
Saultan, he would of  
found himself within the  
House of Maidens. The  
muffled voices told  
that This man was on  
the run, but as the

conversation turned to

why he showed within the  
Sultan's lands the women  
were ushered back to our  
Closed quarters..The sound  
of the stiff linen across  
the marble floor, fueled  
me further that when  
this man left, I was going

to follow.

Being a Creature of my  
upbringing, I found my  
way into the bed of this  
Stranger. The tale was  
troublesome, he and his  
"Brothers in Arms", had  
been on the road

wandering since their  
banishment from their  
Homelands to the North.  
He speaks of reclaiming  
his rightful place. And as  
I slipped out from under  
his arm, pulling on my  
robe around me and crept

to the through the door,  
nodding to my Eunuich, the  
words rolled over within  
my head, tomorrow you  
will escape these Walls,  
and see the world beyond.